

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,

I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,

When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,

When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,

As I haue said you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,

It nothing ill becomes thee:

Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.

Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Marc' Enob. & Menas*

Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this

Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though

it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne

safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee

your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they

might take two Theeues kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands

are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true

Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-

ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke *An-*

thony heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Caesars* Sister is call'd *Ottania*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Caesar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vniy, I would

not Prophecie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more

in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band

that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee: the

very strangler of their Amity: *Ottania* is of a holy, cold,

and still conuersation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Enob. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke*

Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall

the signes of *Ottania* blow the fire vp in *Caesar*, and (as I

said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,

shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *An-*

thony will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but

his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?

I haue a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in

Egypt. *Exeunt.*

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicke plays.

Enter two or three Seruants with a Basket.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o'th' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least winde i'th' world will blow them
downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to'th' drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his
discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-
lowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
seruice, as a Partizan I could not heare.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
to moue i't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittifully disaffect the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

*Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas,
Enobarbus, Menas, with other Capitaines.*

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know
By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Poizon follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the Seedman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Ant. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll nere out.

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'll bee in
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolemies* Pyra-
mids are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine eare, what it is.

Men. Forake thy seate I do beseech thee Capitaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd fir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth: It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Caes. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey giues him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Rise

Rise from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's

else to say? Be iolly Lords.

Ant. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,

Keepe off, them for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saist thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me

poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup,

Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly loue:

What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors

Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,

And when we are put off, fall to their throates:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,

And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,

In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:

Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue

Hath so betraide thine aste. Being done vnknowne,

I should haue found it afterwards well done,

But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, I'll neuer follow

Thy paul'd Fortunes more,

Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him ashore,

He pledge it for him Pompey.

Enob. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Enob. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Enob. A beares the third part of the world man: seest

not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were

all, that it might go on wheeles.

Enob. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's towards it: strike the Vessells ho.

Heere's to *Caesar*.

Caesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour

when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Caesar. Possesse it, I'll make answer: but I had rather

fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke to much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now

the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Enob. All take hands:

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.

The holding euery man shall beate as loud,

As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,

Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke cyne:

In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,

With thy Grapes our haire be Crown'd.

Cup vs till the world go round,

Cup vs till the world go round.

Caesar. What would you more?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our grauer businesse

Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,

You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*

Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost

Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.

Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

Enob. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: He not on shore,

No to my Cabin: these Drummes,

These Trumpets, Flutes: what

Le: Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enob. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Capitaine, come.

Exeunt.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Paco-

rus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death

Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy *Pacorus* Orades,

Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whil't yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether

The routed flie. So thy grand Capitaine *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,

I haue done enough. A lower place note well

May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,

Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.

Caesar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then person. *Soffius*

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which he archi'd by 'th' minute, lost his fauour.

Who does i'th' Warres more then his Capitaine can,

Becomes his Capitaine's Capitaine: and Ambition

(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse

Then gaine, which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Anthony* good,

But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should